

## Point d'Alençon.

SOFT hair, soft hands, soft eyes — sometimes  
If some caprice should move her  
To pleasure in soft lace or silk.  
(Ah, no, *not* in lover!)

Soft voice, soft smile, soft languid air,  
Pink palms as soft — as satin  
(She's so made up of this and lace,  
One surely must put that in).

Soft heart? Well, really, who can say,  
Where in that bodice slender,  
There could be room for anything  
So foolish and so tender?

Hearts must have room to beat, you see,  
When something sets them throbbing;  
Could you imagine that *corsage*  
Moved by soft sighs or sobbing?

The *Modiste* whose thrice mystic lot  
It was in this — to glove her,  
Clasped all her dainty graces far,  
Far closer than a lover.

She moves, and with the dear *frou-frou*  
Of trailing silks and laces  
There floats a fragrance as of flowers  
Fresh from sweet, untrod places.

She must have culled them wet with dew;  
You almost wish she'd tarry  
A moment more. My friend, it's but  
Edouard Pinaud à *Paris*.

Her little *mouchoir* — Point d'Alençon —  
A *gage d'amour*, its calling,  
But ah! too filmy fine a web  
For love's sweet, hot tears falling.

*Jabots* and loops and daintiest frills  
Fill all her mental spaces;  
And when she wears her tenderest look  
She's dreaming of old laces.

The lace's mist about her throat,  
The lace her hand caresses  
As soft it falls light fold on fold  
On all her charming dresses.

And after all, perhaps it is —  
(How would the odd thought strike her?)  
The fitting setting for her life,  
Since it is rather like her.

If it *is* Life — this filmy web?  
(One strives in vain to con it)  
'Tis Life — or Lace that never had  
A pattern woven on it.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

## Who Can Tell?

WHO can tell when the winter is coming?  
Who can tell when the summer is going?  
We go to sleep when the asters are blooming,  
We wake, and we find it snowing.

Who can tell when the winter is going?  
Who can tell when the summer is coming?  
We go to sleep when the tempests are blowing,  
We wake, and the bees are humming.

Ernest Whitney.

## Whence these Tears?

ONE learned in Love's art  
Instructed me,  
Naught moved a maiden's heart  
Like jealousy.  
So, when from Constance' eyes in vain I sought  
To win a kindlier glance,  
I looked askance  
Where, at her 'broidery frame, sweet Cecil wrought.

I looked, and lo! mine eyes  
Were fastened there —  
I swore such art was wise —  
(The maid was fair!)  
Why should I turn, I said, to Constance' frown  
Should this my cunning stir  
But wrath in her?  
At Cecil's feet I laid my homage down!

But mark my cruel fate,  
My wounded heart —  
She said I'd come too late!  
I cursed the art;  
For, when to Constance once again I turned,  
Such was her jealousy  
She'd none of me,  
And all my proffered love she lightly spurned:

Margaret Deland.

## Uncertain.

A LITTLE Pegasus  
Will make a greater fuss  
Than one of thrice his size;  
He will not pull his load;  
He will not keep the road;  
You cannot make him wise.

"Come!" with asperity,  
I say, "and pull for me  
My van of comic verse."  
He hangs his shaggy head,  
And sighs to me instead,  
"I'd rather draw your hearse!"

"Where is that Sentiment  
For which you last were sent?"  
I ask impatiently.  
Up go his heels, and off,  
And back he brings a scoff  
Or foolish jest to me.

I never can foresee  
What he will bring to me,  
Nor where he'll choose to balk.  
I scarcely dare at all  
To ride him, lest I fall —  
'Tis safer far to walk!

Yet — little elfin steed,  
Useless in time of need,  
Uncertain at all times;  
Restive, and rough, and wild,  
How often you've beguiled  
Dull pain away with rhymes.

"A poor thing, but mine own";  
Then leave me not alone;  
A foolish dream is mine  
Of mounting you some night  
For a wild, distant flight  
Where stars unnumbered shine.

Margaret Vandegrift.